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*The dapper little man was working at the lock of King's cell. Scratch . . . scratch. "Read louder, Bishop," he hissed. "I'll get it open in another second. I'll have to see the governor one of these days about keeping these locks oiled better."*

*The Bishop read on and on from his prayer book. Scratch . . . scratch. The dapper fellow gave a short nod and pulled on the cell door. It swung open heavily. King stepped through. The Bishop thrust a gun into his hand, another into the hand of the little man.*

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# THE Pulp COLLECTOR

VOL.1 #4

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Stanley Kirkpatrick  
by Frank Hamilton  
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## FROM THE TOP

by

John P. Gunnison, editor/publisher

If you think that another quarter of the year has gone by much too quickly for your own good, relax, this issue has been published faster than normal. In other words I'm trying to get back on schedule.

I would again like to thank everyone who participated in the Walter Gibson Memorial issue. For all of you that wrote me to give your praise, I thank you for all those who wrote or illustrated a piece of that issue, as well as a thanks to the man whom the issue was meant for, Walter Gibson.

As you can see, there is something new and different about The Pulp Collector. I was tired of reading the print I was getting from my old dot matrix printer; so I purchased a new letter quality printer. Although much slower (in fact it takes hours to print an entire issue to ready for the printer) the results are much better. I also wanted to go the extra mile to shoot some of the covers seen within on 4x5 b&w film. With these changes, hopefully each issue will be more enjoyable.

Slated to appear this issue was Link Hular's column, "Pulpwoody Notebook", but due to a foul up the article was erased from the computer and the original misplaced by one of my helpers. I'm typing this minutes before this issue goes off to the printer, so I do not have enough time to contact Link for another copy. I'd like to say I'm sorry this has happened because I think everyone who reads Link's column enjoys it as well. Hopefully Link will be back with us in the next issue.

This past issue was a departure for me. Not only in length and cost of producing it, but in mailing out the copies to you all. In trying to economize I used a bulk mailing permit when I was assured by the post office that the issues would only take a week to arrive. Well I'm getting reports of several weeks to nearly a month for copies to arrive and this is wholly unacceptable. So the idea of bulk mailing goes right out the window with most of my other "great" ideas. Sorry

to all those who patiently awaited your copies and I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that I'm back with normal parcel post.

On something more positive in this issue, I would like to welcome aboard Jim Jones. Jim did the artwork for the back cover and the small piece in Rick Lai's article. I must admit if it wasn't for artists like Frank Hamilton and Jim Jones, each issue would be much duller to look at.

Over the past several months I have received letters commenting about the first Secret 6 reprint. Most of the letters concern what's coming next. Besides the rest of the Secret 6 novels, how about the entire "Purple Invasion" series from Operator 5. For those who are unaware of this series it has got to be the magnum opus of the United States at war. If you thought Red Dawn was awesome, then you haven't seen nothing yet. "The Purple Invasion" was published in thirteen parts taking two years to complete. Over 900 pages of pure pulp thrills. But before I try to undertake what could be a very expensive project, it would be nice to know what everyone thinks about it. I would like to publish all thirteen parts in three separate editions, but how would you all like to see it. If you have any comments, I would very much like to know what they are, so please drop me a line and by PulpCon, all plans should be firmed up.

Speaking of PulpCon, I hope to see everyone there that reads "The Pulp Collector." Each and every year it is an event that I personally look forward to. This will only be my third year at PulpCon, but I can only be jealous of those whom have made it year in and year out. Like normal, the con will be held in Dayton, Ohio on July 10th through the 13th, at the University of Dayton. I will have a table for "The Pulp Collector Press" so please come by and chat with me about things you would like to see in "The Pulp Collector" or about whatever is on your mind. Hope to see you there.

## Announcement:

Coming soon will be the first of our pulp indexes. Dime Detective Index by James Traylor. Over 140 pages of information about, Dime Detective. The index covers each and every story written for Dime Detective, each and every writer who wrote for Dime Detective, and even every series character that

appeared in Dime Detective. If you like Dime Detective, then you will want to get James Traylor's Dime Detective Index published by The Pulp Collector Press. All this for \$6.00 plus 75 cents shipping. Reserve your copy now, plans are for a late June release date.

## Special thanks:

I would like to thank Helen and Jack Deveny for their support and help in preparing this issue. They volunteered their time and efforts in proof reading this issue and

helped in clearing up the mistakes that I had left behind. Thanks again, Jack and Helen. This one is for you!

## SPECIAL ARTICLE

The following article was not published in the Walter Gibson Memorial issue because of a deadline problem. But I'm happy and proud to publish it now. Mr. Cox has written

an excellent article about himself and Walter and I'm sure everyone would like to share in Randy's thoughts and memories.

## MEMORIES IN THE SHADOWS

by

J. Randolph Cox

It was July 1977 when I met Walter Gibson for the first time. Within a few weeks I realized I had been reading books and stories by him most of my life, even when I hadn't known it. I thought he had written most of The Shadow novels and a few dozen books on magic under his own name. Little did I know....

I was working on a study of the Nick Carter stories at the time and had planned on flying to Syracuse University to continue working in their Street and Smith Collection. Due to a misunderstanding with a local travel agent I changed my plans and went out by bus instead. It turned out to be a fortunate accident.

In taking the bus I was granted a greater degree of flexibility in my travel time and the route I was to take. Since the thought of spending 1300 miles trapped inside a moving vehicle was not to my taste (at least when it meant a duration of several days instead of two or three hours) I had my route altered to pass through Akron where the Pulpcon was being held that year. It was at the Pulpcon that I met Walter Gibson.

The two of us were browsing through the same table of material in the dealer's room when I decided to ask him about his work on the Nick Carter radio show. It was like tapping the Mother Lode. I was invited to stop in Eddyville to visit while I was in Syracuse. He even telephoned my motel in Syracuse to renew the invitation and give me directions. So I rented a car and drove down expecting to stay two or three hours at the most. I stayed the whole weekend. I still remember the thrill of lying there in the guest room on the second floor and thinking "I'm staying in The Shadow's house!"

In the years that followed I paid several return visits and spent several nights in The Shadow's house. It was perhaps three years after that initial visit that I conceived the idea of compiling a bibliography of Gibson's works. On that visit I had been shown books and comics and stories and articles which I had never seen or heard of before, but I had also made the acquaintance of many old friends, including the stories in a Street and Smith comic book

called Super-Magician and a small comic book sold as a premium for ten cents and a label from Carnation malted milk. It was about a remarkable rooster named China Boy. I had also been taken to a certain room in the house and shown the mortal remains of the real China Boy, who had served as mascot and magician's helper during his brief lifetime. It seemed that each publication that Walter Gibson had produced was part of his own life and career in some unique way. Wouldn't a bibliography (with notes) of his books, pamphlets, and magazine publications make a sort of outline of that remarkable career?

Had I realized how much he had written apart from The Shadow or how elusive some of it might prove to be or how long the project would take me I might have hesitated to begin. Another fortunate accident found me deciding that I needed a sabbatical project for my upcoming six-months' leave from my duties at Saint Olaf College in the very day that I found a rare letter from Walter Gibson in my rural mailbox. Here was my sabbatical project, ready-made, an annotated bibliography of the works of Walter B. Gibson.

The story of the work on that bibliography would make a chapter in the life of any writer. Someday it may be told. For now, let me emphasize that I had the complete cooperation of my subject. No matter how strange my requests might seem, no matter how voracious my appetite for more information might be, he denied me nothing unless it was late at night or what I wanted was in a carton "out in the annex" somewhere. We made countless trips to the copy shop in nearby Kingston with rare pamphlets, magazines, pages from his scrapbooks, so that I might be able to take away some publications for further study at my leisure. I always had the feeling I was racing the clock or the calendar to find as much as I could while my guide was still there to help me.

We exchanged few letters, but our telephone bills were an indication of the frequency with which we tried to keep in touch. Others have written about the many times Walter Gibson would call them to talk about one of his projects or to share ideas

or just to talk. Each has felt there was a special relationship between them. And there was. Walter Gibson had so much to share with others that no one need have felt slighted in the least. With one it was a career shared as writers, with another as magic enthusiasts, with another as a collector of trivia about the human condition. We talked about dozens of things on the phone, the bibliography, a new article that had just appeared, an idea for a story, a new edition of one of his classics from the past. He helped me locate copies of some of his books for my own collection and so I could describe them adequately in the bibliography.

I met with him at various conventions, each representing a facet of his personality and his interests: magic collectors, fans of old-time radio, pulpcons, mystery cons, and magic lectures. I watched him amaze others (and myself) with what appeared to be simple magic tricks, at a distance and close up. Nothing was simple in the supple hands of Walter Gibson. I skipped the Bouchercon in 1980 when it would have meant a mere few hundred miles of driving to Washington, D.C., from Eddyville. I preferred to continue my conversation with Walter Gibson. I passed up the opportunity to ride in the Rutland, Vermont, Hallowe'en with the master of mystification himself. He was politely amused when I modeled my hat and cape from him.

My family came to know him to some extent. When I wasn't at home on one occasion that he chose to call, my father carried on the conversation and took the message for me. Walter was genuinely sorry when my father died a few months later.

And we shared a love for cats. He had the one, the successor to the cat on the cover of The Shadow for Summer 1949, while I had my six, one of them named appropriately enough after the magician on whom he was a recognized authority, Harry Houdini. He seldom called without asking about the cats.

I had been visiting him in 1981 when he left for Cherry Hill to attend the Pulpcon which commemorated the 50th anniversary of The Shadow. I followed soon after and appeared with him on a panel discussing his famous character. Never in my wildest dreams growing up in southern Minnesota or reading

second hand copies of The Shadow in my dormitory room at college, had I imagined such a scene. It will stay with me forever.

There was an unfortunate lapse of time before I saw him again. There was also an unfortunate hiatus in work on the bibliography. In the Summer of 1985 I drove out to Eddyville to pay my respects and tie up some loose ends. I had long since given up any idea that the bibliography would list everything the man had ever written, but there was one area which was not as fully documented as others, the articles on true crime cases which he had written in the 1950s after the end of The Shadow series. With his reporter's instinct and pride he had not been content to write the stories based only on old morgue clippings. Instead he went to the scene of each and talked with the people who would know the most and be able to help him. While I had a basic list of the major articles and the magazines in which they had appeared I had not had the chance to read more than a few of the articles themselves. This was all material which was "out in the annex" and hard to resurrect.

I had planned on staying only two days. We talked about some of his latest projects, the writing of a new Shadow novel, and I got him to talk about the things that he felt were significant about each phase of his career. When his wife, Litzka, had to go into New York City to consult an eye specialist, I agreed to stay an extra day and keep Walter company. That was the day I finally found a folder with his tear sheets from the true crime articles. It was just lying on the coffee table in the inner sitting room (the "biography room", so-called because his collection of biographies of people about whom he was interested was shelved there). It was like a scene out of Poe's "The Purloined Letter" where the object of interest was in such an obvious place that it was overlooked by everyone. Another fortunate accident.

I can still see him standing in the doorway as I finished loading the car, said goodbye, and drove away. I talked with him only once after that, but every time I open a Shadow novel, or one of his books on magic, or even a magazine article, I can hear his voice. He left a legacy that few can match.

## DOC SAVAGE AND THE WINTER WAR

by  
Rick Lai

Many of the adventures of Doc Savage are connected to explosive events in the Europe of the 1930s. Diplomatic controversies are frequently alluded to in the novels. While the contemporary reader may have recognized these allusions, the modern reader will frequently ignore them.

One such forgotten historical event was the Winter War between Finland and the Soviet Union. In August 1939, Hitler and Stalin had divided up Europe between them in the secret protocols of their Non-Aggression Pact. At the start of September, Nazi Germany invaded Poland starting World War II. A few weeks later in the same month, Soviet Russia seized parts of eastern Poland. While Britain and France declared war on Germany, they did nothing against Russia. By October, Poland collapsed, and World War II became briefly the "Phony War", a period in which there was no fighting on the European continent between Germany and the British-French alliance. During September-October, the Soviet Union imposed treaties on the Baltic republics of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania. These treaties gave Stalin total military domination of the three countries. By June 1940, all three countries would be annexed by the Soviet Union. While consolidating his stranglehold on the Baltic republics, Stalin began to make territorial demands on Finland.

Finland's neighbor, Sweden, was deeply worried by the Soviet expansion into the Baltic. Large amounts of Swedish armaments were sent to Finland. The Swedes also sought the diplomatic intervention of the United States. On October 10, 1939, President Roosevelt received a personal letter from Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden requesting that an American plea be made to Russia asking that the territorial integrity of Finland be respected. Roosevelt felt that his influence with Stalin was close to zero, but sent a message to the Kremlin the next day. Roosevelt's belief in the futility of the message was correct. In November, the Soviet Union attacked Finland. Known as the Winter War, the Russo-Finnish war was a grueling conflict in which both sides suffered severe casualties. The war was ended in March 1940 by a peace treaty which



surrendered a large chunk of Finnish territory to Russia. At one point, the Winter War nearly became part of the larger anti-Hitler conflict. Early Finnish successes prompted Britain and France to seriously consider sending troops to Norway. Besides helping the Finns against Russia, the troops could have been used to attack Germany from the north. All the talk about Allied landings in Scandinavia prompted Hitler to invade Norway and Denmark in April 1940.

While Roosevelt was making his diplomatic appeal, Lester Dent was working on a new Doc Savage novel. Submitted to Street and Smith on October 26, 1939, the novel would be published in the April 1940 issue of DOC SAVAGE as THE EVIL GNOME. The plot concerned a gang of criminals who have discovered an invention which permitted them to commit crimes undetected. To climax their crime wave, they decided to sell the invention to a foreign power. In order to gain publicity that would attract interested



buyers, the villains decided to murder a European Crown Prince who was touring the United States.

The Crown Prince was called Axel Gustav. He was visiting the United States on behalf of his country which was afraid of being "gobbled up" by a larger power. Lester Dent took an unsympathetic view of the Prince's mission. His nation was described disparagingly as "a little dab of a country", and the Prince was dismissed as "small fry". Furthermore, Dent implied that the Prince's country was responsible for the threat to its own existence: "The fact that Prince Axel's country had been manufacturing cannon and guns and shells by the shipload and selling them to the enemy of the nation that was about to do the gobbling--well that might have had something to do with it." As should be expected, Doc Savage captured the gang of crooks before they could assassinate Prince Axel. As for the diplomatic crisis, the United States sent "some very threatening notes" which prevented the invasion of the Prince's country.

Prince Axel Gustav is obviously modeled on Crown Prince Gustav Adolf. While the real Crown Prince didn't visit America in October 1939, he had conducted a highly publicized "good will" tour during the summer of 1938. Dent just simply combined the Crown Prince's letter to Roosevelt with the earlier trip.

The "very threatening notes" are modeled on the very mild appeal Roosevelt sent to the Kremlin. The Roosevelt note had nothing to do with Russia's failure to invade Sweden. In fact, the diplomatic ploy failed in its purpose of preventing a Soviet invasion of Finland. The reason why Sweden was never "gobbled up" was because Stalin was unable to overrun Finland.

Lester Dent's usage of the Russo-Finnish crisis in *THE EVIL GNOME* with its unsympathetic portrayal of Swedish Crown Prince Gustav Adolf reflected an endorsement of the isolationist movement. Like Charles Lindbergh and the America First movement, Dent was afraid that the United States would be drawn unnecessarily into European conflicts. Dent's isolationist beliefs reached their height in *THE GOLDEN MAN* (April 1940) in which an "unnamed" European country (Great Britain) attempted to draw the United States into World War II by framing its enemy (Germany) for a submarine attack on an

American vessel. Dent's views completely changed after Pearl Harbor.

*THE EVIL GNOME* must be also considered in the framework of Dent's favorable opinion of the Soviet Union in the 1930's. A Soviet agent gave valuable help to Doc Savage in *THE MYSTIC MULLAH* (January 1935). Doc was warmly received when his plane landed on Russian territory in *THE THOUSAND HEADED MAN* (July 1934). In a story co-written with Ryerson Johnson, *THE MOTION MENACE* (May 1938), Dent had Doc preventing the takeover of the Soviet Union by former Czarists. The trail of John Sunlight in *FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE* (October 1938) should be viewed in the context of the Soviet purge trials. While Stalin was making a mockery of the legal process, Dent presented a lenient view of the Soviet judicial system in its treatment of Sunlight. Dent also suggested that the United States was guilty of flagrant espionage activities against Russia in the 30's. Two of the characters in the novel, Titania and Giantia, were American spies who had been sentenced to Siberia after a fair trial. By the advent of the Cold War in the late 40's, Dent was disenchanted with the Soviet Union and his first anti-Soviet Doc Savage novels appeared. In the time period in which *THE EVIL GNOME* was written, Lester Dent's sympathies would have inclined him to take the Soviet rather than the Finnish side.

Not all authors of the Doc Savage series shared Dent's views on Russia. The villain of Alan Hathway's *THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND* (January 1941) was a murderous Soviet agent seeking control of nickel ore deposits. Although working for Stalin, the clandestine operative was a Finn by birth. Contemporary readers would have been reminded of the recent Russo-Finnish war.

During the Winter War, there was much sympathy for Finland in the United States. Besides being viewed as a David combating a Goliath, Finland was the only nation that continued to make payments on American loans incurred during World War I. Russia was a notorious defaulter.

The question of such war debts was raised in *THE ANGRY GHOST* (February 1940), which was written by William Bogart and Lester Dent. An unnamed European country had defaulted on the loans which the United States had made to it during World War I. Because America would refuse any more loans,

the country embarked on a campaign of extortion by destroying American coastal defenses with a sonic ray fired from a submarine. The home of the extortionists could be considered Russia, except that an American rear admiral characterized the offending nation as "a little half-baked European country." Someone might consider the Soviet Union "half-baked" but never "little." The strong likelihood is that the unnamed country was Fascist Italy. Not only had Italy defaulted on its debt payments, but its submarines had been known to engage in secret attacks. During the Spanish Civil War (1936-39), ships carrying supplies to the Loyalists were attacked by mysterious submarines in the Mediterranean. Since Mussolini was sending arms and "volunteers" to Franco's rebels, the Italian navy was heavily suspected. Lester Dent based a Doc Savage novel, THE SUBMARINE MYSTERY (June 1939), on these Mediterranean incidents. In Dent's story, pirates were taking advantage of international tensions by launching these submarine attacks.

The conflict between Finland and Russia may have figured in THE FLYING GOBLIN (July 1940), another Bogart-Dent collaboration. Valentine, a fanatical idealist, had invented an aerial torpedo. Seeking to abolish all wars, the fanatic established a secret base in Switzerland. A war erupted between two nations which threatened to engulf all Europe. Valentine began to launch missiles aimed at the warring nations. Both nations attributed the resulting damage to each other. Each

believed that its enemy had a new secret weapon. After destroying Valentine's Swiss base, Doc learned that the two nations had reached a truce.

THE FLYING GOBLIN was submitted to Street and Smith on December 4, 1939. At the time the novel must have been written, the anti-Nazi conflict had entered its "Phony War" phase with the conquest of Poland. The war would not heat up again until Hitler's invasion of Scandinavia. Many people at the time felt that Britain and France would drop out of the war by recognizing Nazi supremacy in Poland. Bogart and Dent cited the thousands of lives being lost in the European war. This was untrue of life along the German-French frontier at the time. On the other had, the Russo-Finnish war had erupted with severe casualties. There was much concern (justified as shown by Hitler's subsequent sneak attack on Norway and Denmark) that the nations involved in the "Phony War" would be drawn into Scandinavia. Such anxiety would explain the remark in THE FLYING GOBLIN about the war potentially involving the rest of Europe.

The Winter War had not ended until three months after THE FLYING GOBLIN was submitted. Bogart and Dent may have guessed that the Winter War would be settled by a peace treaty. Since it would take several months of the novel to be published, they could have felt justified in predicting the war's outcome. The brief reference to the truce could also have been interjected by John Nanovic, the editor of Doc Savage Magazine, after the war concluded.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "THE EVIL GNOME"

**DOC SAVAGE.** *A remarkable man of perfect physique and highly developed brain who makes a profession of righting wrongs and punishing evildoers. He is one of the nation's outstanding physicians and a skilled scientist.*

**RENNY.** One of Doc's most valued assistants, an engineer of world-wide reputation and, as it happens, a whale of a guy in any kind of a fight. He tops six feet in height, and he's 200 pounds in perfect shape.

MONK. *Also a great rough-and-tumble fighter. But more—he's a renowned chemist. He doesn't look it, though. He's a hairy, homely man—which doesn't keep him from thinking he's a wow with the ladies. His nickname fits him better than his real name—nothing less than Andrew Blodgett Mayfair, if you please.*

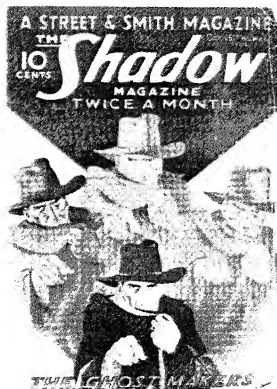
HAM. *A lawyer—and part of the cream of his profession. Brigadier General Theodore Marley Brooks—which is how his mail is addressed—looks the part, too. He's one of the half dozen best dressed men in the country. And can he fight! His favorite weapon for special occasions is a useful sword-cane, tipped with a drug which puts his opponents into a quick and harmless slumber.*



## SHADOWED COVERS

by

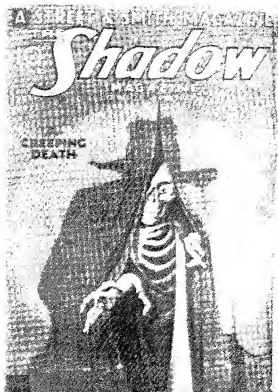
Howard Hopkins



The Shadow, Copyright 1932, Condé Nast

Whenever the artistic merits of various pulp covers are discussed, invariably those gracing The Shadow, will rank high on any list. Without a question they were (and are) great, and have an esoteric graphic quality not usually associated with inexpensive (dare I say cheap?) fiction. Many of the best selling pulps, Doc Savage, The Spider, and The Phantom Detective, possessed extremely well done and brilliantly conceived images, but somehow, The Shadow covers seemed to be the most striking. Even the fictional development of the Shadow can be traced through the unusual cover illustrations. From the cowed likeness featured on MOBSMEN ON THE SPOT, to the slouch hat mystery figure, (revealing for the first time the startling countenance of Kent Allard on THE SHADOW UNMASKS), the evolution of the Dark Eagle is evidenced.

The following covers are what I consider to be the best of the pulp renditions, most are personal favorites but still speak for the series as a whole.



The Shadow, Copyright 1933, Condé Nast

First, MOBSMEN ON THE SPOT. Although this is not quite The Shadow we all know and expect, it is nevertheless an imposing piece of artwork. The cover portrays a cowed Shadow gazing with an almost hypnotic intensity at the reader.

Second, THE GHOST MAKERS. Easily my favorite of the series. This masterpiece deals with fakery in the spirit world and shows a grim Shadow pointing a denouncing finger at all who dare to prey on the weakness of the mourning. In the background, three ghostly images of the main figure in green, purple, and blue respectively, ominously spark the imagination of the Shadow reader.

Third, HIDDEN DEATH. The Shadow peers through an open window partially obscured by a green shade. Indicative of the mood of the ingenious yarn hidden (no pun intended) within the pages of this untrimmed masterpiece.

Fourth, THE CREEPING DEATH. First, and most probably the best of the "skeleton"

covers. The gruesome envoy of death reaches out from behind a green curtain encompassed by an eerily superimposed Shadow.

Fifth, THE SHADOW'S JUSTICE. The master crime-fighter grasps a scale, holding on one side the law and on the other, a gang of criminals with The Shadow tipping the balance in favor of the law. The cover was later used as a promotional

poster for The Shadow radio show.

Sixth, THE BLACK HUSH. This cover paints an eerie portrayal of The Shadow's countenance surrounded by total blackness. It should have graced the cover in 1931 for THE LIVING SHADOW and finally did when Steranko used it for the Pyramid edition in paperback in the '70s.

Seventh, ATOMS OF DEATH. Unique cover showing The Shadow gazing over his two alter egos, Lamont Cranston and Henry Arnaud, which schizophrenically captures the two personalities of the same mysterious man.

Eighth, THE CRIME MASTER. The Shadow wages a symbolic battle with an evil mastermind on a chess board, upon which is superimposed the background of New York City.

Ninth, THE THIRD SKULL. The Shadow contemplated whilst in the background is a strange optical illusion of a skull. Superbly conceived and illustrated, making this work one of the very best.

Tenth, THE SILVER SKULL. This masterpiece shows a debonair Lamont Cranston smoking a cigar, casting what appears to be a very familiar looking shadow with a smoking automatic. Later, this cover would grace the first Shadow Annual.

Many, many other Shadow covers, too



numerous to mention, could easily be transposed with any in this list as the best of the series. They are all excellent work. Most will notice I only included the Rozen covers in my brief outline, as I consider them the most striking and energetic. Many of the Gladney covers are also very good, but with Rozen setting the standard, they pale in

comparison. They somehow lack the visual impact created by George Rozen.

In other mediums, the Shadow covers have been somewhat less than spectacular. Probably the worst covers in existence can be attributed to the Bantam editions of the sixties. At best they are wholly terrible, totally out of sync with their exceptional Doc Savage reprints.

The Doubleday Crime Club editions are only slightly better—looking like rejects from a bad cartoon.

Easily the best of the new paperback covers belongs to the Pyramid (HBJ) editions of the Cloaked Avenger. These were painted by veteran illustrator, Jim Steranko, and although I am not a fan of his comic work, these renditions are excellent. In my opinion, the best of these covers include:

First, THE RED MENACE. Striking cover stroked in fiery red. A pair of evil-drenched eyes gaze over a crimson high-lighted Shadow, automatics blazing. This cover somewhat resembles the painting from the pulp Shadow novel, THE WOODOO MASTER.

Second, MOX. Green tinted painting showing The Shadow crouched on a rooftop being stalked by a knife-wielding Mox.

Third, THE ROMANOFF JEWELS. In this

illustration of a classic Shadow yarn, a wounded Shadow blasts away at an unseen enemy with his deadly .45. In the misty, purple background, the picturesque Kremlin looms.

Fourth, **KINGS OF CRIME**. Definitely one of the most imposing paperback covers in some time. A skeletal hand clutches four cards, all of them kings, but the Shadow holds the ace--and an automatic.

Fifth, **SHADOWED MILLIONS**. A towering Shadow looms above the New York City skyscrapers. Millions of dollars flutter to the ground in an almost direct copy of the original pulp cover.

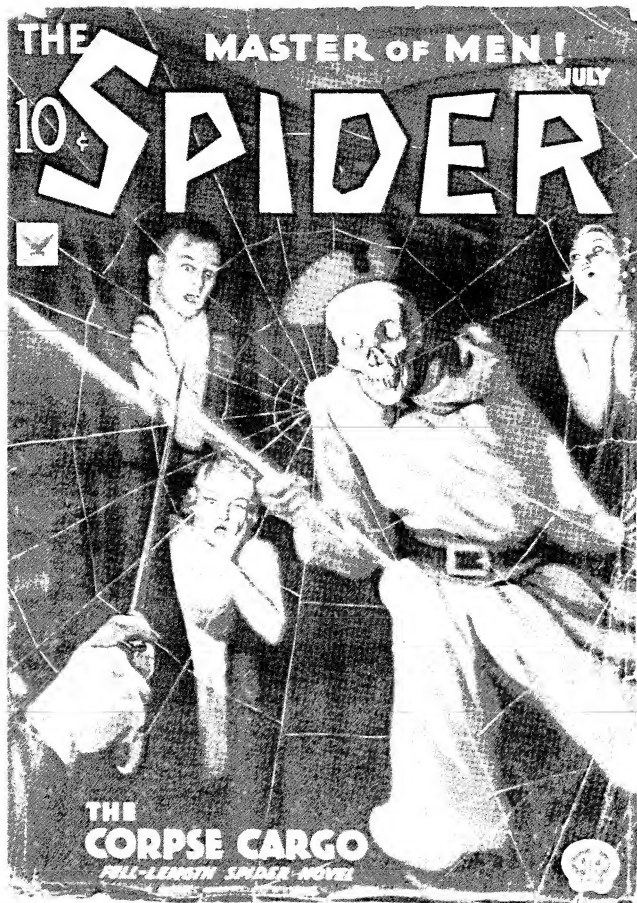
Sixth, **THE CREEPING DEATH**. A fantastic skeleton cover. While The Shadow inscribes names in a massive volume, a gleaming messenger of the dead peers over his shoulder. With this cover, the title design changes a little, the idea being to make the books more colorful and attractive to prospective read-

ers. Personally, I prefer the original style, but then the new ones were not objectionable.

Most of the new covers from this point forward add a damsel in distress in various stages of revealing clothing (which I liked) somewhat like the Spicy Mystery or similar titles from the pulps. The remaining covers are all bright and intense, portraying crisp and terse scenes of action--wholly exciting.

After these HBJ versions, all of pulpdom and Shadow fans would miss these glorious paintings of the Dark Eagle. But they, and their pulp predecessors, will still be discussed by Shadow fans and as part of the legacy of those tattered magazines, along with the beautiful Bama covers for Doc Savage, or the George Gross covers for The Avenger. Perhaps if the Shadow movie makes it, they will return....





## A MAN NAMED KIRKPATRICK

by  
Nick Carr

Preface: IN the Fall 1985 issue of "The Pulp Collector," it was my privilege to do an article titled "Nita Van Sloan—a Portrait." In this same vein here is a glance at another character from the Spider series. It deals with one who just happened to be very close to Richard Wentworth.

There were three individuals in the pulps who played roles which depicted them in a sense as father-image-types. But only up to a point. There was Frank Havens, who molded a brilliant student, Richard Curtis Van Loan, into the Phantom Detective; Z-7, grim-faced Chief, U.S. Intelligence, who tolerated little nonsense from Operator 5; Stanley Kirkpatrick, Police Commissioner of New York City. It is the last one we are concerned with here. Our examination I admit is not complete, but the reader will have an overview of a rather remarkable individual.

WE have a man identified as being in his late forties. He was lean, always immaculate in his attire, gardenia in his lapel. He carried himself with a typical military bearing. He had a particular quirk of twisting the pointed ends of his mustache. He had once been married to a woman named Lucy, who died while giving birth to their child. The baby unfortunately also died. Later on he remarried one Lona Deeping.

He was a very shrewd individual and often balanced the justice scales while he relentlessly hunted the notorious Master of Men, The Spider, during his most active years.

Hidden beneath quiet blue eyes, a brown-saturating face, and black pointed mustache, he would have been taller than Richard Wentworth, except for just a slight drooping of his otherwise military-like posture. He was older by some ten years than Wentworth. He possessed a methodical mind, one ever-seeking, ever-probing. He had a stalking manner of walking. Completely incorruptible he lived up to his oath of office. He was one of New York's few society commissioners, but notwithstanding, one of its shrewdest to ever command forces.

He had only taken on the job as a favor to the administration, following a political scandal and held it by popular demand. He

was totally without any political ambitions, though reform parties were constantly soliciting his candidacy. His life was for the most part an open book. He hated secrecy. He never ran from danger.

Kirkpatrick was both friend and foe of Richard Wentworth. Rumor had it that Wentworth had known Kirkpatrick "only since he was a mature man and New York's police commissioner." But this is a matter of conjecture. Kirkpatrick had come to the big city from somewhere in the west. Beyond all question he knew that his friend was The Spider. However, basically, there had never been any proof of this accusation. Kirkpatrick respected this killer of the night who struck so swiftly when the law's machinery (for all the police commissioner's brilliance), could move only cautiously.

He therefore declared a sort of armed truce between himself and Wentworth. When possible he would aid The Spider, but if proof ever crossed his desk, he would quickly act to end the life of the Master of Men by putting him into Sing Sing's electric chair.

We are first made aware of Kirkpatrick's true feelings about The Spider in the novel, "Wings of the Black Death," December 1933. His exact words at that time were these: "In spite of the fact The Spider is a criminal, I have admired him previously. Admired him because he struck down the criminals that I could not touch within the law; admired him because he was fair and just."

Things developed a step further in "Citadel of Hell," March 1934, as Kirkpatrick tells Wentworth: "Dick, you know damned well you're The Spider. I know it, too, and have for a long time. But I can't prove it. Remember, Dick, if suspicion points to you, if anyone produces evidence against you, I'm going through with it to the bitter end."

As police commissioner he resided (in the beginning at least) in the century old-house of the family ancestors. It fronted on Hardesty Boulevard, sitting remotely amid widespread grounds. The entrance was through a gate, surrounded by a stone wall, and a trimmed ten foot high hedge of boxwood (so valuable that he once turned down ten

thousand dollars for it). It had been planted by his grandmother. The house had a caretaker and a butler with lodging over the garage. The estate was referred to as 'Pelham Manor,' and had been in his family for years. (Over one hundred and sixty to be exact). It was destroyed in the novel "Emperor of Yellow Death," December 1935.

During the cold weather months Kirkpatrick had an apartment in the city on First Avenue. He kept a butler named Francis. The butler kept Kirkpatrick's favorite drink well stocked--Scotch.

In one novel, "The Slaves of Hell," July 1939, his telephone was listed under the Murray Hill exchange in New York City. (I mention this only because those of you who may remember the Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour on radio during the Thirties should recall that Bowes frequently utilized the Murray Hill prefix during the voting for one of the performers. It was heard over a local station, WHN.)

There are some other interesting aspects relative to the apartment--or apartments as the case might be because Kirkpatrick must have moved during his time in New York City. For example in "The Faceless One," November 1939, there was a large drawing room and a houseman named Parker. Also a cell with no windows, only a door that opened into Kirkpatrick's bedroom. The door was reinforced by a second gate of tool steel. Locks were intricate and shielded by a broad plate of armored steel. At the touch of a button, a shield of bullet-proof glass came from the floor sockets.

In "The Deathless One," September 1941, it stated: "Kirkpatrick went to his home, at dinner there with his only manservant in attendance." In the bedroom was a wall safe.

KIRKPATRICK was also (like most everyone associated with The Spider), no stranger to getting injured one way or another. Despite the fact he knew how to use the weapons he carried, such as a long-barreled revolver in his hip pocket, and a gun tucked into the trouser band, gangsters bullets found their mark many times. Here are a few early examples:

In "The Spider Strikes," October 1933, he was wounded in Wentworth's apartment. It was a head injury that required care by a specialist. He was unconscious and listed in critical condition. He could not even be

moved. (However, the physicians were mistaken in the seriousness of his wound, and he recovered completely.)

In "Slaves of the Crime Master," April 1935, he was shot in the shoulder by none other than The Spider, proving to all concerned that they were never close friends.

In "Reign of the Death Fiddler," May 1935, Kirkpatrick is once again "severely wounded." The bullet missed his spine and kidney--missed every vital organ by some miracle, but perforated the intestines in six places. (He was operated on and survived.) Internal hemorrhage was held to a minimum. (For your information, internal hemorrhage is one in which the extravasated blood remains within the body.) But just how he made it through this ordeal, hovering between life and death, where he found the strength to get up and even attend a political convention and be nominated, is is than I can understand.

In this same story he was replaced by the mayor (a man named Purviss). After he accepted the draft to run for governor, and was elected, he moved to Albany. (See "Hordes of the Red Butcher," June 1935 for details.) Even so, nothing for this man was a bed of roses. Once when he had been accused of bribery and suspended, he offered to assist Richard Wentworth: "When you are ready to strike, Dick, would you let me know. I am for the present unconnected with the police."

Then in "Dragon Lord of the Underworld," July 1935, he was kidnapped by the villain, "while minions dared to rush his office, killing both guards and workers."

In "Overlord of the Damned," October 1935, he was drugged and made to do the villain's bidding. Also he was about to be impeached because of his actions. He almost killed himself.

In "Laboratory of the Damned," July 1936, he was stricken by some unknown disease and went into a comatose state. He remained this way most of the time, with brief moments of consciousness. (For the record there are different types of comas. We suspect in this case it was vigil--a stupor with delirium, wakefulness, and semiconsciousness although the author never stated any specific type. The usual definition of a 'Coma,' is: "A state of complete loss of consciousness from which the patient cannot be aroused even by the most





powerful stimulation.")

Kirkpatrick interestingly used a disguise in "Slaves of the Black Monarch," August 1937. "I want you to turn me into a drifter," he told the police make-up artist. Then within the span of about a half hour he was finished: "His ruddy face was sallow and patchy-looking, lined at the mouth and baggy under the eyes. These were heavy and bleary. His well barbed hair was long and shaggy, hanging down untidily over grimy ears. Hands were greasy and stained. Nails dirty."

In "The Coming of the Terror," September 1936, he was framed for murder and jailed.

In "Dictator of the Damned," January 1937, he had resigned following the battle with the villain as police commissioner. He was then somewhat disillusioned and rather weary of it all. But he was reappointed, only to be replaced as being insane!

In "The Spider At Bay," October 1938, the following took place: "The gates burst open and a tight little troupe of Wentworth's men, following a striding figure in the black robes of The Spider, dashed on to complete the seizure of the camp. And from the mouth

of that man in the Spider's garb came the crisp, rising voice of Stanley Kirkpatrick."

Then just a few paragraphs later: "In the car that raced ahead, Wentworth laid his plans with Kirkpatrick. From him he took the robes of The Spider and garbed himself in them."

In "The Silver Death Reign," March 1939, Kirkpatrick now resided in a Fifth Avenue apartment house. It was also occupied by an oriental servant, Lee Chang. This place consisted of a brief service corridor, a dining room, a drawing room, and another corridor that led to the bedrooms. There was a small kitchen.

In "Slaves of Hell," July 1939, he suffered a heart attack and was on a world trip accompanied by a doctor and a nurse.

In "The Fire God," August 1939, he was still an invalid as a result of the heart problem.

In "The Corpse Broker," September 1939, he continued his convalescing. (His problem now said to be a nervous breakdown.) The

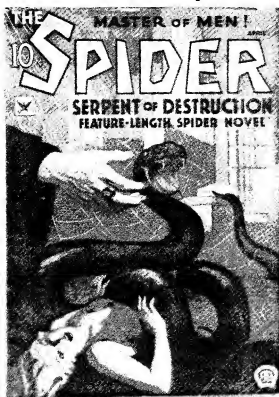
apartment he was now living in was located in the same building as that of Nita Van Sloan's, just three floors below. (At this time he had a nurse named Marguerita). There was also some type of alarm system apparently installed between his and Nita's apartment.

In "Eyeless Legions," October 1939, he had been never the less cautioned by his doctors, "not to work too hard, not to worry." It seemed he had never fully recovered from that spell of heart trouble.

In "Satan's Seven Swordsmen," October 1941, he had returned from a six month furlough. He appeared at that time tanned and vigorous of movement.

In "Gentlemen From Hell," March 1942, he maintained a servant in his apartment, but only during the daylight hours.

One item we neglected to mention was that in "The Deathless Ones," Richard Wentworth became Police Commissioner while Kirkpatrick left for a rest which included a Rocky Mountain hunting trip.



In "Volunteer Corps Brigade," Kirkpatrick was married for a second time. That woman's name was LONA DEEPING. We should perhaps tell you a little something about her for the record. We first meet her in "Murder's Black Prince," July 1941. Lona was slave to a murderous criminal, and in the end she destroyed her "Master" as she called him. By this act she saved Kirkpatrick's life, then disappeared. Both of her parents were dead. She spoke Burmese, her babyhood tongue. She knew ju-jitsu and was trained for a life of crime by the Master who had brought her out of the East. She appeared again in "The Scarlet Surgeon," August 1941,

her identity was that of a person known as "The Face." Wentworth had ordered private detectives to try and locate her. Then in "Satan's Seven Swordsmen," October 1941, she finally agreed to marry Stanley Kirkpatrick.

"You won't go away again," Kirkpatrick said. "Dearest, you must not! Tomorrow you will marry me, Tomorrow.."

"That is my wish, too, Stanley," she said.

Lona Deeping was older than Nita Van Sloan. (In the first novel her name is spelled Lorna.) She possessed a beauty described as "Breath Taking." Her hair was dark with a blue-black sheen, eyes dark pools

of fire, skin color, olive. In "The Gentlemen From Hell," March 1942, she had a contralto voice. As we said in "Volunteer Corps Brigade," November 1941, she married, but it was under very great difficulty. She also appeared in "Secret City of Crime," February 1943, and "Recruit For the Spider Legion," March 1943.

Prologue: Once again we have probed lightly the surface in this digest of Stanley Kirkpatrick's life. As pulpologist Robert Sampson writes in his book on The Spider: "Kirkpatrick is as much driven by his duty to law as Wentworth is driven by duty to justice."

## TRIPLE DETECTIVE, AND INDEX

compiled by  
Nick Williams

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Triple Detective, A Thrilling Publication, was published by Best Publications, Inc. Ned L. Pines, President. The address was shown as 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill in Volume 1, Number 1 through Volume 3, Number 3. From Volume 4, Number 1 through Volume 6, Number 2, the address was indicated as 29 Worthington Street, Springfield 3, mass. From Volume 6, Number 3 through Volume 12, Number 2, 1125 E. Vaile Ave., Kokomo, Ind was given as the address. The editorial office was located at 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY.

The name of the editor was not shown until Volume 7, Number 12; however, during this period Harvey Burns, probably a house name, was shown as editor in the circulation statements. From Volume 7, Number 2 through Volume 8, Number 3, the editor was David X. Manners. Everett H. Ortnier was shown as editor in Volume 9, Numbers 1 and 2. Volume 9, Number 3 through Volume 10, Number 2 indicated Morris Ogden Jones as being editor. Samuel Mines edited Volume 10, Number 3 and Volume 11, Number 1. Volume 11, Number 2 through Volume 12, Number 2 were edited by Jim Hendryx, Jr.

Triple Detective had the usual amount of short fillers and no effort has been made to index these. The only continuing feature was

'The Readers' Jury', which contained editorial remarks, and at times letters from Readers. 'The Readers' Jury' in the initial issue contained a letter from Brett Halliday; the second issue contained a letter from Patrick Quentin, and named him as guest editor; and the third issue designated Helen Reilly as guest editor and contained her remarks. The appearance of these three in 'The Readers' Jury' was followed by abridgements of one of their novels in the following issue. The names Patrick Quentin and Jonathan Stagge and Q. Patrick used hereinafter are the pseudonyms of several authors and collaborations, primarily Hugh Wheeler and Richard Wilson Webb.

The novels in Volume 1, Number 1 through Volume 6, Number 2 were in Triple's terminology "Expertly Abridged". Beginning with Volume 6, Number 3 and running through Volume 12, Number 2, the novels were a mixture of reprints, new material, and abridgements and the cover wording was changed from "Expertly Abridged" to "Three Novels in One Magazine". In preparing the following index, the original novels names are shown when different, and, of course, when known. On reprints the original source is shown when known.

Volume 1, Number 1      Spring, 1947      196pp

Cover- Reproductions of book jackets

- 1- The Case of Caroline Animus by Dana Chambers
- 2- Dead At the Take-Off by Lester Dent
- 3- One Man Must Die by A.B. Cunningham

Volume 1, Number 2      Summer, 1947      196pp

Cover- Reproductions of book jackets

- 1- The Uncomplaining Corpse by Brett Halliday
- 2- Winter Kill by Steve Fisher
- 3- Even Bishops Die by Charles Saxby

Volume 1, Number 3      Fall, 1947      196pp      Cover- Unknown

- 1- Punch With Care by Pheobe Atwood Taylor
- 2- The Dogs Do Bark by Jonathan Stagge
- 3- Lady To Kill by Lester Dent

Volume 2, Number 1      Winter, 1948      196pp      Cover- Unknown

- 1- Cottage Sinister by Q. Patrick
- 2- Thursday's Blade by Frederick C. Davis
- 3- The Doll's Trunk Murder by Helen Reilly
- other
- 1- King of the Coiners by Leo Marr
- 2- The Japim's Nest by Arthur J. Burks
- 3- The Poe Method by Samuel Mines

Volume 2, Number 2      Spring, 1948      196pp      Cover- Unknown, probably Dreary

- 1- Tickets For Death by Brett Halliday
- 2- Find My Killer by Manly Wellman
- 3- The Night Before Murder by Steve Fisher
- other
- 1- Operation Nickel by John L. Benton
- 2- The Troop K Hounds by C.B. Colby
- 3- Tip From Tinian by Robert Sidney Bowen
- 4- All Is Not Lettuce That's Green by Allan K. Echols

Volume 2, Number 3      Summer, 1948      196pp      Cover- Unknown, probably Dreary

- 1- She'll Be Dead By Morning by Dana Chambers
- 2- The Black Goatee by Contance and Gwenyth Little
- 3- The Twin Killing by George Bagby
- other
- 1- Long Shot by O.B. Myers
- 2- Adventures of Inspector Cohen by Nat Schachner
- 3- Blonde Preferred by Ray Cummings

Volume 3, Number 1      Fall, 1949      180pp      Cover- Dreary

- 1- Poison In Jest by John Dickson Carr
- 2- Pop Goes the Queen by Bob Wade and Bill Miller (later, collectively Wade Miller)
- 3- About the Murder of Geraldine Foster by Anthony Abbot
- other
- 1- Peterman Genius by Mills Hopkins
- 2- The Almost Perfect Murder by Jackson Hite
- 3- Murder Stamp (a short story) by Lewis Little
- 4- The Tell-Tale Turkey by Simpson M. Ritter

**Volume 3, Number 2      Winter, 1949      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- The Life Sentence by H.C. Bailey
- 2- How Like A God by Rex Stout
- 3- Fear Death by Water by Stuart Palmer (originally- Miss Winters Regrets)
- other
- 1- The Literary Crime by Simpson M. Ritter
- 2- A Poser For Poe by Robert Wallace

**Volume 3, Number 3      Spring, 1949      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Death Watch by John Dickson Carr
- 2- Murder In the Antique Shop by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (originally- Figure Away)
- 3- Fatal Step by Wade Miller (Bob Wade and Bill Miller)
- other
- 1- Clue by Candlelight by G. Wayman Jones
- 2- The Money Mad Sailor (a true case) by Stacy Kent
- 3- I'll Kill You, I Suppose by Carroll John Daly

**Volume 4, Number 1      Summer, 1949      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Detour To Oblivion by Frederick C. Davis
- 2- Sinister Street by Richard Burke
- 3- The Endless Night by Lester Dent (originally- Lady Afraid)
- other
- 1- Murder is Overdone (a true story) by Gene Sherry
- 2- Three Notes of Death (a short story) by John L. Benton
- 3- Man Into Bloodhound (a fact feature) by Simpson M. Ritter
- 4- This is a Holdup (a true incident) by Mark Knight

**Volume 4, Number 2      Fall, 1949      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Canceled In Red by Hugh Pentecost
- 2- The Straw Men Murders by Alexander Campbell
- 3- Court of Shadows by Dana Chambers (originally published under authors name- Giles Jackson)
- other
- 1- The Wardrobe of Madame Dumollard by Will Barker
- 2- Beware the Fat Fox (a short story) by William R. Honest
- 3- Hunch Payoff by Edward S. Sullivan
- 4- A Case for McCoy (a short story) by Donald Bayne Hobart
- 5- The Pitfalls of Forgery by Simpson M. Ritter

**Volume 4, Number 3      Winter, 1950      164pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- The Yellow Taxi by Jonathan Stagge
- 2- I Found Him Dead by Gale Gallagher
- 3- Murder At London's Gate by John Creasey
- other
- 1- The Santa Claus Murders by Edward S. Sullivan
- 2- Last Visit (a short story) by Bayne Hobart
- 3- Screaming Death by Simpson M. Ritter

**Volume 5, Number 1      Spring, 1950      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- The Dead Don't Care by Jonathan Latimer
- 2- Murder One by Eleazar Lipsky
- 3- The Red Gate by Richard Burke
- other
- 1- Case of the Feeble Rattlesnakes by Stacy Kent
- 2- You Made Me Die by Morris Cooper
- 3- "Pere Du Crime" by Simpson M. Ritter

**Volume 5, Number 2      Summer, 1950      164pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- The Diamond Feather by Helen Reilly
- 2- A Screen for Murder by E.C.R. Loral
- 3- Tavern of the Dead by Amber Dean
- other
- 1- She Shot Her Man by Stacy Kent
- 2- Easy to Frame a Jailbird by Ray Cummings
- 3- The Olympian by W.H. Swanberg

**Volume 5, Number 3      Fall, 1950      164pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Where the Snow Was Red by Hugh Pentecost
- 2- The Deadly Voyage by George Simenon (originally- The Sailor's Rendezvous)
- 3- Murder Is Never Late by Peter Cheyney (originally- I'll Say She Does)
- other
- 1- Murder Spends the Weekend by Don Hobart
- 2- One of the Gang by J.S. Endicott
- 3- Mr. Bronson On the Nile (true story) by Edward S. Sullivan
- 4- Tommy Duff's Big Case by Ray Cummings

**Volume 5, Number 1      Winter, 1951      164pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- The Saint and Mr. Teal by Leslie Charteris (originally- The Gold Standard)
- 2- Death Looks Down by Amelia Reynolds Long
- 3- Slay Ride by Frank Kane
- others
- 1- Last Loot by Ray Cummings
- 2- Contract for Murder by Edward S. Ronns
- 3- Murder of an Admiral by Leo Marr
- 4- The Other Side of the Story by Harold Helfer

**Volume 6, Number 2      Winter, 1951      148pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- Death of a Countess by George Simenon (originally- The Saint-Fiacre Affair)
- 2- Some Buried Caesar by Rex Stout
- 3- The Backstage Mystery by Octavius Roy Cohen
- other
- 1- It Wasn't the Cat by John L. Benton
- 2- The Face of Murder by Arthur J. Burks

**Volume 6, Number 3      Summer, 1951      148pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Last Act of Murder by Margery Allingham (originally- Last Act)
- 2- Mischief Done by Jack Sheridan
- 3- Death At Cockcrow by Frederick C. Davis
- other
- 1- The Register by Harold Helfer

**Volume 7, Number 1      Fall, 1951      148pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- Clock Without Hands by Gerald Kersh (reprinted from Colliers)
- 2- Murder for the President's Purse by Hugh Pentecost (reprinted from The American Magazine)
- 3- Case of the Hooded Hawk by Herbert Brean (reprinted from The American Magazine)
- other
- 1- Invisible Witness by Norman A. Daniels
- 2- Who Killed the Parrot by Frank Richardson Pierce
- 3- Too Beautiful to Hang by John Paul Jones
- 4- Squared by Benton Braden

**Volume 7, Number 2      Winter, 1952      148pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- A Key For Any Lock by Stewart Sterling (new)
- 2- The Lady In the Morgue by Jonathan Latimer (abridged)
- 3- The Paradise Canyon Mystery by Philip Wylie
- other
- 1- Foxy Felons by Harold Helfer
- 2- Walls Do Not A Prison, Et Cetera by Bess Ritter

**Volume 7, Number 3      Spring, 1952      148pp      Cover- Dreany**

- 1- Talk About Murder by Edward Churchill (new)
- 2- Mother Finds A Body by Gypsy Rose Lee (abridged)(ghostwriters- Craig Rice and Cleve Cartmill)
- 3- The Second Visitor by Timothy Fuller (reprinted from The American Magazine)
- other
- 1- After Midnight (short story) by D.B. Hobart
- 2- Violence In Paradise (true story) by Harold Helfer

**Volume 8, Number 1      Summer, 1952      148pp      Cover- unknown, probably Dreany**

- 1- This Is My Blood by Dorothy Dunn
- 2- You'll Die Laughing by Bruce Elliott
- 3- Hide the Evidence by Frederick C. Davis (reprinted from Black Mask)
- other
- 1- A Bit of Sand (true story) by Harold Helfer
- 2- The Fall Guy (short story) by Russ Davis
- 3- Six Little Wooden Men (short story) by Rufus Bakalor
- 4- Wait For Your Victim (short story) by Philip Ketchum
- 5- Murder In Her Stars (short story) by Leo Priestley



**Volume 8, Number 2      Fall, 1952      148pp      Cover- unknown**

- 1- Homicide In Harlem by Dale Bogard
- 2- The Stars Spell Death by Jonathan Stagge
- 3- 3 Kills For 1 by Cornell Woolrich (reprinted from Black Mask, July, 1942)
- other
- 1- Meet Mrs. Murder (true story) by Harold Helfer
- 2- Crime of Passion by Jack Benton
- 3- Now I'll Take Over (short story) by William Oja
- 4- The Farmer's Son (short story) by Morris Cooper

**Volume 8, Number 3      Winter, 1953      148pp      Cover- unknown**

- 1- The Dead Doll by Bruce Elliott
- 2- Weapon Invisible by Stewart Sterling
- 3- Walk Softly, Killer by Wilbur S. Peacock (reprinted from Mystery Book Magazine)
- other
- 1- The Fleas That Solved A Murder (true story) by Harold Helfer
- 2- The Flight of Mr. Bunce (short story) by Rufus Bakalor

**Volume 9, Number 1      Spring, 1953      148pp      Cover- unknown**

- 1- A Corpse For Caroline by Jeremy York (John Creasey)
- 2- Blonde Angel of Death by W.T. Ballard (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, June, 1942)
- 3- The Lady's Out For Blood by Stewart Sterling
- other
- 1- Murder Bait (short story) by Philip Weck
- 2- Black Pudding Blues (short story) by Rufus Bakalor
- 3- Killer On the Loose (short story) by Walter Monaghan
- 4- Heart Of Gold (short story) by Dave Dryfoos

**Volume 9, Number 2      Summer, 1953      132pp      Cover- unknown**

- 1- Softly Creep and Softly Kill by Peter Paige (reprinted from Detective Tales, August, 1947)
- 2- Killer, What's Your Name by Frederick C. Davis (reprinted from Argosy, January, 1942)
- 3- All She Wants Is Money by Emmett McDowell
- other
- 1- Dead Wrong (short story) by Robert Sidney Bowen
- 2- Sucker For a Blond (short story) by Ralph Wellner
- 3- The Corpse Came Back (short story) by Philip Weck
- 4- The Square Peg (short story) by Leonard F. Guttridge
- 5- Fiend In the Dark (true story) by Harold Helfer

**Volume 9, Number 3      Fall, 1953      132pp      Cover- unknown**

- 1- The Screaming Blonde by Stewart Sterling
- 2- A Coffin In His Dreams by John D. MacDonald (reprinted from Mystery Book Magazine, Feb., 1949, under the title- A Corpse In His Dreams)
- 3- The Sweetest Corpse In Town by Peter Paige (reprinted from Detective Tales, April, 1948)
- other
- 1- Two White Beards (short story) by Harold Helfer

- 2- Rocks In His Head (short story) by D.S. Halacy, Jr.  
3- The Man Behind The Gun (novelette) by Frank Richardson Pierce

Volume 10, Number 1     Winter, 1954     132pp     Cover- unknown

- 1- The Tattooed Nude by Emmett McDowell  
2- Precinct 23 by M.E. Chaber  
3- Location For Murder by Edward Churchill (reprinted from Popular Detective, September, 1947)

Volume 10, Number 2     Spring, 1954     132pp     Cover- unknown

- 1- Lead For Breakfast by Stewart Sterling  
2- Death Halts A Holiday by Edward Churchill (reprinted from Popular Detective, September, 1948)  
3- The Shield by William Degenhard  
other  
1- The Gates by Manly Wade Wellman  
2- Crepe For Suzette (novelette) by C.S. Montanye (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, October, 1948)

Volume 10, Number 3     Summer, 1954     132pp     Cover- unknown

- 1- Running Scared by Norman A. Daniels  
2- Night Without End by Wyatt Blassingame (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, April, 1949)  
3- Death Rides A Wildcat by Lee E. Wells (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, August, 1942)  
other  
1- Death Is A Noise (novelette) by Fredric Brown (reprinted from Popular Detective, February, 1943)  
2- Bright Bulb by Sam Merwin, Jr. (reprinted from G-Men Detective, March, 1947)  
3- Hide-Away by H.A. De Rosso  
4- My Corpse Craves Company by Frank Millman  
5- I'll Get What's Mine by Henry Guth

Volume 11, Number 1     Fall, 1954     116pp     Cover- unknown

- 1- Too Many Are Dead by William Rough (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, March, 1946)  
2- Specters Walk Beside Me by Jim O'Brien (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, September, 1944)  
3- If Not Worms, Fish by Stephen Marlowe  
other  
1- death In the House of 23rd Street by Samuel Mines (reprinted from Mystery Book Magazine, April, 1946)

Volume 11, Number 2     Winter, 1955     116pp     Cover- unknown

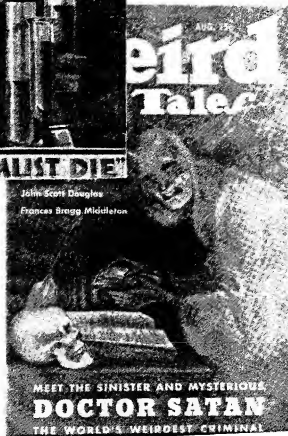
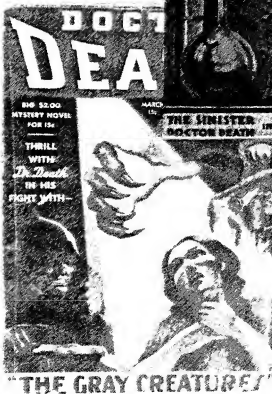
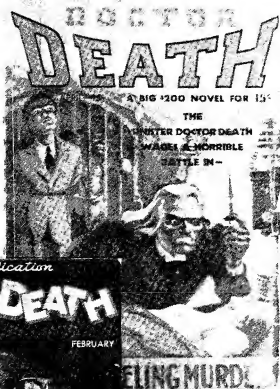
- 1- House of Death by Walter Monaghan  
2- Make Mine Murder by Edward Ronns (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, March, 1941)  
3- Don't Bury Me Yet by W.T. Ballard (reprinted from Black Book Detective, April, 1948)  
other  
1- The Galahad Racket (short story) by Lloyd Albertson  
2- Final Gesture (short story) by Jane Hardey

Volume 12, Number 1      Summer, 1955      116pp      Cover-- unknown

- 1- Murder In Bright Lights by J. Joseph and B. Ford (reprinted from Mystery Book Magazine, Summer, 1950)
- 2- The Dragnet by William Degenhard
- 3- The Mayor Is Dead by B.J. Benson (reprinted from Popular Detective, May 1949)
- other
- 1- Annivesary (short story) by Harold Helfer

Volume 12, Number 2      Fall, 1955      116pp      Cover-- unknown

- 1- Don't Wait Up For Me by Larry Holden
- 2- In At the Kill by Wilbur S. Peacock (reprinted from Popular Detective, November, 1950)
- 3- The Body In the Trunk by H.Q. Masur (reprinted from Thrilling Detective, February, 1948)
- other
- 1- Murder My Darling (short story) by Frank D. Millman



## MASTERS OF INFAMY

by Don Hutchison (part 1 of 2 parts)

Everybody loves a bad guy.

...Not in everyday life perhaps, but in the larger-than-life world of vicarious thrills and adventure.

The great heroes of the pulp magazine could never have existed without an unceasing flow of enthusiastic nemesis. There were hundreds of pulp villains--thousands of them--cackling, scheming, dreaming. And barely a dull or uninteresting personality in the whole lot. Each month a plethora of magazines shrilled news of their bizarre affronts:

"From out of the East swings the Oriental mastermind, Shiwan Khan, into New York in another attempt at world domination! "...The mysterious power of the Orient against The Shadow's automatics as Shiwan Khan attempts to rule the world!"

(Shiwan Khan Returns- The Shadow magazine, December 1939)

"Over New York fell the murderous spell of Death's burning stare--and men died in the throes of some terrible, secret, inner fire! Richard Wentworth, alone, as THE SPIDER, dared challenge this astounding attack by a modern Genghis Khan gone mad...this new and fearful crime master who had blanketed Manhattan in the human ashes of his helpless victims!"

(Blight of the Blazing Eye- The Spider magazine, April 1939)

"He came from the very fires of Hell to blight the living, and he cared not for the cost of his lust! It was G-8 who had to meet this living scourge and match with his human courage and brains, a Lust and a Hate and a Scorn for life such as The Earth Had Never Known!"

(Scourge of the Steel Mask- G-8 And His Battle Aces, January 1937)

If the bad guys were almost as popular as the good guys in the pulp hero magazines, it seems inevitable that sooner or later someone should have thought of starring a super-villain in his very own magazine. Oddly enough, that was not to happen until given the sales stimulus of an entire new breed of magazine: the weird menace pulp.

The so-called weird menace field was conceived in 1933 when Henry Steeger, publisher of Popular Publications, decided to revamp the pedestrian and ailing Dime Mystery magazine. He used as his inspiration the nineteenth-century Gothic romances of Horace Walpole and Ann Radcliffe combined with the visceral appeal of the legendary Grand Guignol of Paris, a theatrical company which specialized in the realistic depiction of scenes of torture, horror and bloodshed.

Infused with new blood (literally), Dime Mystery emerged as one of the best-selling titles in the pulp field. Under the canny editorship of Rogers Terrill, the new/old magazine was so successful that Popular soon issued two more titles in a sanguinary vein: Terror Tales and Horror Stories. Rival publishers trailed with Thrilling Mystery, Eerie Mysteries, Uncanny and Sinister Stories among others.

Mild by the unshockable standards of the 1980s, the weird menace pulps were considered pretty racy stuff in their day; their stories flirted with sado-sexual themes and their covers usually portrayed girls in bras and panties (and sometimes even less) at the mercies of slaving nogoodniks.

Even though the stories were seldom as salacious as the covers promised, these few magazines were largely responsible for the low opinion many people held (and still hold) of the entire pulp field. Many dealers sold them under the counter, and New York's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia singled them out when he warned the pulp publishers to clean up their act--or else.

The weird menace yarns usually stuck to twentieth century settings but paid due homage to such trappings of Gothicism as: wildly-threatened heroines, storm-lashed nights, dank castles, Stygian caves, secret passages, and purple prose. Many of the top pulp fiction writers (Ray Cummings, Arthur Leo Zagat, Hugh Cave, and Norvell Page) churned out stores for this sub-genre. The writing was formula stuff, similar in many ways to the Gothic romance market of today, although decidedly more colorful.

The covers were great, though--especially if you have a taste for the preposterous; and who could resist such titles as "The

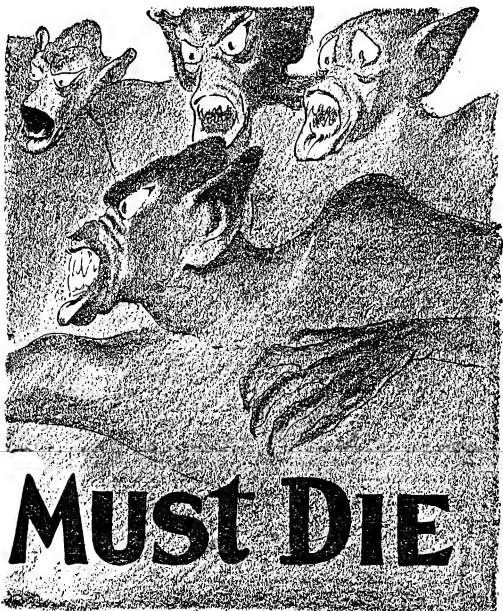


Corpse Wants Your Widow", "Our Host, The Madman", "Mate For the Thing in the Box", "The Werewolf of Wall Street", and--my favorites--"The Corpses' Christmas Party"?

It was only a matter of time before someone came up with the idea of combining the appeal of the pulp hero genre with that of the weird-horror pulps. The first hybrid bubbled out of its cauldron in February of 1935.

Its name was Doctor Death.

In fact Doctor Death had been previewed a year earlier in a series of four short novels running in All-Story Detective magazine. With the February 1935 number, All-



Story Detective became Doctor Death, thus inaugurating pulpdrom's first full-fledged villain magazine.

Like all of the single character villain pulps to follow, Doctor Death failed to capture readers' fancies and the magazine lasted only three short issues. But what issues there were!

The first full-length Doc Death novel was called "Twelve Must Die" and it was credited to a writer with the single cognomen of Zorro—who was not Johnston McCulley's famed Robin Hood of California, but simply the penname of a pulpster with the unprepossessing name of Harold Ward. Ward, who died in 1950, was an ex-newspaperman, song writer

and theatrical press agent, who had achieved some success in the early pulps. He was one of the mainstays of the legendary Black Mask magazine when it began its life in 1920.

The character of Doctor Death as expounded by Ward in "12 Must Die" is certainly one of the wackiest, most entertaining villainous creations in the history of the pulps.

The world's greatest occultist, ex-Dean of Psychology at Yale, Doctor Death (or Doctor Rance Mandarin as he was once known) is described as a white-thatched, cadaverous figure with a thin face, hooked nose and weirdly-glaring, deep-set eyes. If a movie had been made of Doctor Death back in the 1930s, the part could have been played to perfection by Ernest Thesiger, the late, great character actor who portrayed the wonderfully nutty Dr. Pretorius in Universal's Bride of Frankenstein.

A habitué of caves and underground places, the old man is a human fungus who appears to have an affinity with the earth itself. It is this affinity perhaps that makes him one of the world's leading but most misguided amateur ecologists. Despite the author's assurance that "maggots of madness" are chiseling into the old man's brain like feasting woodpeckers, Death is portrayed almost sympathetically as a half-crazed old dotard who, deprived of his Messianic tendencies, would probably be content to while away his days, and especially nights, in his gloomy caves, caring for his fungi. His one fatal flaw is that he is sincere--a sincere fanatic, that is.

Like John Brown, he believed that he had a mission--that an all-seeing Creator had placed him on this earth to accomplish certain goals, and that the mantle of sanctification made it impossible for himself to commit a wrong.

In the name of righteousness Dr. Death had made himself master of the black arts: necromancy, sorcery, metempsychosis, demonology, divination--you name it. Backed up by regiments of Zombie stooges, dissolution rays, anti-gravity flying machines, and gelatinous, vermin-gray primal earth forces, the dedicated doctor waged a concerted attack upon 4000 years of civilization.

In order to destroy the plutocracy of science and hopefully return everything to a virginal state, Death selects as his target

the world's leading scientists and begins to destroy them one by one. Using methods both weird and singular, he delivers his ultimatum to a reeling society:

"The wheels of industry must stop. Scientists must cease their work. All patents in the United States Patent Office must be destroyed. The cities must be emptied and men must return to the soil. Eventually I intend to wipe out all cities as I have destroyed the aircraft plant of the men who disobeyed my commands. To do so now would cause the deaths of many innocent people, and I have no quarrel with the common man. I intend, therefore, to give the cities time to purge themselves before I blast them to dust.

"Two weeks from today, on August 24th, unless I see that steps have been taken to carry out my commands, I strike again. The national capital will be crumpled into dust and the dust scattered to the four winds of heaven. Following that, another respite of two weeks will be given. Then I strike for the last time. When I finished, not a plant of any consequence, not a machine, not a building of importance will be left in the hemisphere."

Tough talk! But Doctor Death had the wherewithal to back it up.

Arrayed against him in his fight for the Good Life were a handful of recurring characters, principal among them being Jimmy Holm, the ostensible hero of the piece. Jimmy's biography was true to the great pulp hero tradition. Orphaned at an early age, his father dying, had placed his guardianship in the hands of the man who later became mayor of the great city. A millionaire many times over, Jimmy distinguished himself by his studies in chemistry, psychology and the occult, and later, after traveling extensively, had surprised his guardian by requesting a position in the city's detective bureau.

Jimmy's friend and superior was Detective Inspector John Ricks, a grizzled, honest "copper" who had clubbed and fought his way from a routine beat to the position of the head of the greatest detective force in the world.

Ricks and Jimmy are joined in their battle against Death by Nina Ferrera, Mandarin's own beautiful niece who comes to recognize the extent of her uncle's madness.



Later, in a remarkable secret meeting held in a small town on the east coast, Franklin D. Roosevelt himself forms an organization known as the Secret Twelve--a dozen influential figures all concerted in their fight to curb Dr. Death's exaggerated Socialistic tendencies--headed by the President of the United States and with Jimmy Holm as his managing director.

In the meantime, the object of the Secret Twelve's vigilante justice was operating from a hideout only a quarter of a mile from Lake View cemetery, connected to it by a cavern once used as a burial ground by the ancient Mound Builders. A perfect spot for Death to function. It was here that the old fiend collected and stacked like cordwood hundreds of dead bodies in the recruitment drives for Zombie armies.

"I am anticipating the future," he bragged to Jimmy Holm. "When the time comes that all mechanical activity ceases, there will be a need for additional labor. It will be hard for man to adjust to changing conditions. Nor is it the Creator's desire that humanity should become a race of slaves. These Zombies, then, must do the drudgery."

Like many of pulpdom's mad villains, Dr. Death had the natural pride of an originator. It was his fatal flaw. Over and over again, just when he should be concentrating on the primary task of eliminating his chief antagonist, he takes time out to justify his actions or to brag about his genius. The consequences of such foolish technique is that "12 Must Die" ends happily for society with Death temporarily routed, his headquarters--and with it all his infernal apparatus--burned to the ground. Nina is awarded The Congressional Medal by a grateful President and she and Jimmy announce their wedding plans.

But wait. One of the President's secretaries hands a wire to Jimmy, who glances at cliffhanger scenes of chills and thrills--and it and then hands it to the President to read aloud.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPROACHING WEDDING. TAKE WARNING: GOD GAVE ME THE RIGHT TO DESTROY AND THE WEAPONS WITH WHICH TO WORK. THE WORLD MUST BE SAVED FROM ITSELF AND I AM THE INSTRUMENT. I GO, BUT SOON I WILL RETURN.

--DOCTOR DEATH

Return he did, and only a month later, in a story called "The Gray Creatures." That one began with Death's kidnaping of Nina and his consequent flight to Egypt in a scheme designed to bring civilization to its knees through instant overpopulation. Aware of the countless millions of Egyptians buried in the past whose bodies had been preserved through mummification, the diabolical doctor envisioned bringing to life hordes of men and women who had walked the earth thousands of years before Christ. He pictured a world flooded by living corpses, every spot as thickly settled as New York City.

Needless to say, he was eventually foiled in his scheme--but only after a dozen cliffhanger scenes of chills and thrills--and the novel ended with Death crushed beneath an avalanche of rock in far-off Egypt.

Death-epic number three, "The Shriveling Murders," began with a remarkable scene in which President Roosevelt called together a special meeting of the Secret Twelve. With trembling fingers, the President removed from his briefcase a small shoe box done up in brown wrapping paper.

"This arrived at the White House by special delivery late this afternoon," the President whispered. "Look!"

He lifted the lid. In the box was the tiny figure of a man, perfect in every detail, yet smaller than a new born infant.

It was the body of the Vice-President of the United States.

But that was only the beginning. The President proclaims a State of Dictatorship. More great men shrink right out of their clothes. There is a lovely but sadistic Egyptian princess; voodoo rites in the Louisiana outback; horrific doings beneath an asylum for the homicidally insane; poisoned postage stamps; the theft of Cagliostro's secrets from the Library of Congress; and last but not least, Death's final confrontation, in the gloomy caverns on the little island in the middle of his beloved swampland.

There was a fourth Dr. Death announced--"Murder Music"--but it never appeared due to poor sales and the consequent demise of the magazine. The manuscript of Murder Music, along with the fifth unpublished Death novel, still exists in the collection of New Jersey pulp collector Jack Irwin. It would be nice to think that someone will eventually see fit



'Iron, Jimmy, Iron!' Jimmy snatched up the iron fence, hurled it against the horrible, sinister things that sought to seize him.

to publish those manuscripts because, whatever else you may say, they certainly don't write them like that anymore.

Meanwhile, over at Weird Tales, the legendary magazine (under the editorship of the equally legendary Farnsworth Wright) was undergoing some lean days. Circulation was down--despite its fame, the magazine at the best of times was seldom far out of the red--and Wright was concerned that the new weird menace pulps, Terror Tales and Horror Stories, might be draining off some of his old-time readers. In retrospect it seems doubtful that this was so due to the fact that Weird Tales had long established its reputation as a quality vehicle for literate tales of imagination and the supernatural. The weird menace pulps, on the other hand, appealed blatantly to less sophisticated readers who did not demand writing above a cliché level and who, in fact, preferred mundane explanations for supernatural trappings.

Wright attempted to appeal to both factions when in August of 1935 he introduced a new series character to the pages of "the Unique Magazine." That character, Doctor Satan, is included within the scope of this investigation not because he was never



honored with his own magazine but because he was an obvious blood kin to Doctor Death (they may have attended the same medical school) and because he was linked to the other super villains yet to come.

Loyal Weird Tales readers must have been startled when they witnessed Margaret Brundage's cover for that landmark issue. Her painting featured a masked figure dressed in



The diabolical things screamed with rage as they shrank back before Jimmy Holm's mad onslaught.

an outlandish devil's costume complete with horns and a scarlet cape. The cover blurb shrieked: "Meet the sinister and mysterious Doctor Satan--the world's weirdest criminal."

If the character on the cover appeared to be dressed somewhat ludicrously, it was not because Ms. Brundage embroidered the author's initial description of Satan's habiliment: "The figure looked like one robed

for a costume ball, save that in every line of it was a deadliness that robbed it of all suggestions of anything humorous or social."

"Tall and spare, it was covered by a blood-red robe. Red rubber gloves swathed the hands. The face was concealed behind a red mask that curtained it from forehead to chin with only two black eyes, like live coals, showing through the eye-holes."

"Lucifer! And to complete the medieval portrait of the Archfiend, two horned red projections showed above the red skullcap that hid the man's hair."

While Doc Satan may not have looked like your average pulp maniac, his actions certainly qualified him for that elite brotherhood.

In the editorial pages of that debut issue, Wright somewhat nervously announced: "We await with eager interest your verdict on the stories about Dr. Satan, the first of which is published in this issue ... To those of you who are afraid that *Weird Tales* will

"Welcome, Ascott Keane," came his sardonic words.



## Doctor Satan

By PAUL ERNST

degenerate into just another detective magazine, we definitely promise that it will not do so...If the stories about Dr. Satan and Ascott Keane--the world's strangest criminal and strangest criminologist--are ordinary detective stories, then we do not know a weird story when we see one."

There was little danger of the astute editor not recognizing a weird tale when he saw one. In the first story, titled simply,

"Doctor Satan", sides are drawn; the hero of the piece is a criminal investigator named Ascott Keane (love that name!), a man who has "raised a hobby of criminology into an art that passes genius." Keane is clearly patterned after Sherlock Holmes, that Victorian archetype whose hawk-visaged face and steel-trap mind were seminal influences on many a pulp hero.

The investigator is accompanied by his

"secretary and companion" beautiful Beatrice Dale, while Satan is backed up by a monkey-like man and a legless giant name Gif and Bostiff, proving once again that a man is judged by the company he keeps.

In the first story hints are given as to Satan's real identity: that of a rich man, still young, with a family name known to everyone in America, a man jaded with purchased thrills who has made a study of super science and the occult in order to become the world's leading criminal.

Satan makes his criminal debut with the aid of a little science and more than a soup con of the occult. He begins by blackmailing and then destroying millionaires by his unsettling use of a species of Australian thorn-

bush. Altered by the malefic doctor's botanical skills, the thornbush seed, a tiny thing that floats in the air, is first inhaled by the victim and then roosts itself in his brain before flowering a mere hour or two later.

When the doctor finds his scheme threatened by criminologist Keane, he trots out his second little surprise: a destroying voodoo flame first compounded in temples along the Nile some 5000 years ago. Keane counteracts with the green paste which the old priests used against the consuming flame of their enemies.

"I'll not underestimate you a second time," Doctor Satan warns. "The death shrub--the blue flame--you are armed against those.

"It was an inferno of light, a soundless, rending explosion of it."



But I have other weapons."

The Mephistophelian inventor unleashed his other weapons in the string of seven novelettes which followed:

"The Man Who Chained The Lightning," "Hollywood Horror," "The Consuming Flame," "Horror Insured," "Beyond Death's Gateway," "The Devil's Double," and "Mask of Death."

Satan's arsenal included: static electricity bombs, Cretan voodoo dolls, a time diverter, occult dragons, and a deadly crystalline lightning tube. One of the arch-fiends choicest pieces of blackmail machinery involved an atomic ray which he used to realign the molecular structure of skin. Beaming the ray from a movie studio light, he was able to change the world-famous faces of Hollywood stars into grinning skulls--and right in the middle of a take.

As the series progressed Ascott Keane followed Dr. Satan into the realm of death itself, discovered that there was an actual hell...and had cause to wonder if his red-cloaked foe was in fact the incarnation of Old Scratch himself.

The Dr. Satan stories were all turned out by Paul Ernst, a popular and prolific writer whose name was a staple in the weird menace sub-genre, and who later wrote the Avenger novels under the famous Kenneth Robeson by-line. In addition, Ernst was already well known in the pages of the Unique Magazine. One of his non-Doctor Satan stories, "The Way Home" (Weird Tales, November 1935) is considered a near-classic in the field. Ernst's Satan yarns were all competently written and are still fun to read, but it soon became evident that loyal Weird Tales readers wanted no part of the formula.

"Glad you left out Dr. Satan," one indignant fan wrote in the magazine's letter column. "We readers can struggle along very nicely without him. A super detective against a super crook has no place in a magazine devote to Weird Tales."

Fearful that more old readers would be repelled than new readers attracted, Wright could only concur and the series was peremptorily dropped. \*

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\* Another Doctor Satan appeared in 1940 when Republic Pictures released a 15-chapter serial titled "Mysterious Doctor Satan." On the surface it appeared to bear little relation to the old pulp series, particularly since the movie Dr. Satan (played by screen villain Eduardo Ciannelli) sported a "costume" which consisted of little more than a business suit and a sneer. Strangely enough, many of the lobby cards for the serial illustrated a character with cape, cowl and horns almost identical to the pulp Satan. Furthermore, in a recent interview, Republic actor Henry Brandon revealed that this was the studio's original conception of the character. Probably a coincidence, but an interesting one for pulp and serial fans.

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PART TWO OF **MASTERS OF INFAMY** WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

## HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL, SEE ALL EVIL!

by

John P. Gunnison

They called her Mushmouth Mary. Mostly because all of her teeth had fallen out due to her nasty habit--injecting her heroin into her gums. She looked sixty, but she was barely pushing thirty; old before her time. The street life and dope sort of does that to a person.

The evening was gloomy, because of the fog and a moonless night. The streets of Washington had a cold and clammy feel about them; almost like the streets had magically been transformed into the streets of London.

As she traveled the alleyways toward her destiny, her mind didn't stray from the urge to get high again. Her eyes seemingly fixed on an invisible target in front of her, never deviating from the path--straight to her connection. She pushed past another woman. Tipped over a garbage can as she turned another corner into yet another alley; her path towards "heaven", firmly etched into memory. She continued on without missing a beat, never missing a step. The countless number of trips to this place and her overpowering need for junk, made her blind to all in her path--so blind she didn't even see the legless corpse in her path.

Mary tripped over the corpse and for the first time, her eyes focused on what was going on around her and what she saw almost made her gag. Even in the dim lighting of

the alleyway, Mary could see maggots crawling along his face, his skin stretched tight over his facial bones, his eyes closed. Mary held her grimy hand to her mouth and her eyes bulged when she saw the legless corpse's eyes snap open and his hand flash forward. Mary had barely enough time to see her death coming--for the corpse flashed a long, thin knife into her throat, slicing through the soft flesh, her gurgles seemingly matching the red bubbles and bloody foam that came from her mouth. Her scream was cut short, laying there--vainly watching her own life's blood spill out onto the pavement. The corpse righted himself on his torso, wiping his blade of blood right on his victim's only ragged clothing. Right in the middle of wiping, the legless thing paused and reached down and tore away part of her clothing concealing a fairly large lump at her thigh. For within that lump was a roll of cash that would have choked a horse. The corpse hissed evil mirth through his rotted teeth and pocketed the roll of bills and replaced the knife back into the special holder just between his shoulder blades. With the knife replaced, the corpse set off down the alleyway, walking on his hands in a waddle fashion. With surprising speed the legless corpse melded with the fog, and disappeared from sight, leaving what was going to be yet another mystery that only Joshua Speaks could solve.

THE PULP READER!

The beginning that you see above is part of a project I have in mind, "The Pulp Reader." A regular pulp, in this not so regular world. All I'm looking for is several good writers who would like to contribute stories to this magazine. There are certain restrictions, first the stories must not be more than 20 pages in length. Second they must not be overly sexual in nature, and third they must be entertaining.

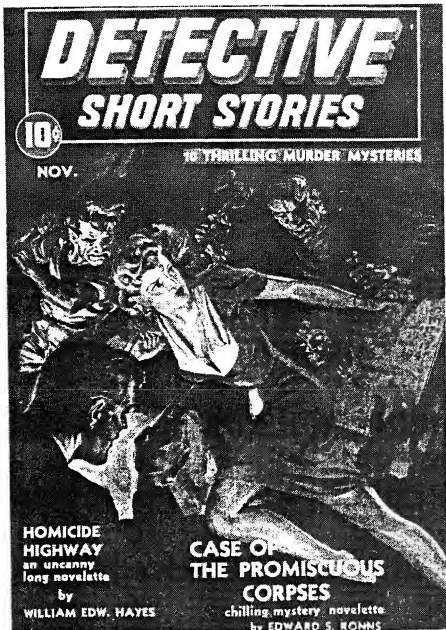
How many of you thought at one time and idea you had would have made a great pulp story. Well now is your turn to try to make that idea come true. The subject is up to

you and your imagination. Payment? Well this is an experiment, and I do not foresee any real profits on the idea, but I will split the profit among all the writers and or artists that contribute to each issue. I only plan on publishing a 60 page magazine, so that is why the stories must be less than 20 pages. Also, there will be no serials, as this is just an experiment, no fair getting someone excited about a story and then leave them cold without being able to finish. Please include a large SASE for all returns of manuscripts, and all rights are retained by the writer.

## BEST COVERS-WORST COVERS

Our Best cover entry this issue is from John Dinan. He sent me not only a 4x5 B&W neg, but also a beautiful print of the same many months ago. Now after many delays is John's choice of the **BEST** cover of all time, it is from "Detective Short Stories" and as John writes, "I believe has everything---

ghouls, graves, gats and gals-- well, at least one of each." John by looking at the cover you sent me, I must agree with you. How about you all, if you think you know or have a cover that is better, why not send it in to me care of the address listed on the title page. Thanks again John, good choice!



This **WORST** cover is from one of the masters of pulp art, John Howitt. Luckily "The Octopus" was a one shot, because if John Howitt had to paint this green monstrosity over and over again, well I just don't want to think what would have happened. The

Octopus himself looks more like a runaway gumby doll with a mask than a super-villain, but I'll let you decide for yourself. All I can think of is that Mr. Howitt must have been rushed to finish this job to get it ready to go to print.



10¢

FEB. - MAR.



THE

# OCTOPUS

## THE CITY CONDEMNED TO HELL

A BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL  
OF THE OCTOPUS  
by RANDOLPH  
CRAIG

TWO NOVELLETES  
LITTLE DOLLS OF DEATH  
LOCKED IN  
WITH MURDER



## WEIRD TALES

'The Unique Magazine' in Paperback

by

Gary Lovisi

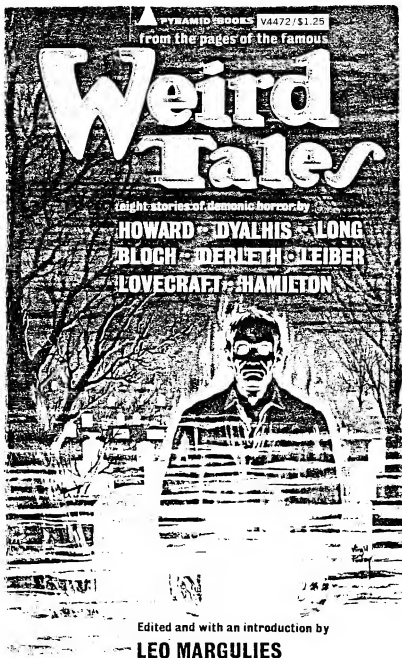
Weird Tales is just an old pulp magazine, but each issue is full of outrageous crimes, haunting strangeness and monstrosously delightful creatures of the night--just some of the best stories and writers ever published in any American periodical.

The magazine began publication with its March, 1923 issue and when it ceased publication with the September, 1954 number had published an amazing 279 issues. It was briefly revived for 4 issues in 1973-1974 for the 50th anniversary, and most recently for a hard-to-find issue or two in late 1985.

It was subtitled 'The Unique Magazine' and certainly lived up to that slogan--as well as spawning a few paperback anthologies that were a bit unique in their own right.

The first of these paperback incarnations was aptly titled Weird Tales. It was edited by Leo Margulies as well as having a 3 page introduction by him. Actually this book and it's sequel, Worlds of Weird were ghost-edited by Sam Moskowitz. They were originally intended to be a series but did not sell well enough and the idea was killed by their publisher. Weird Tales was a first edition, paperback original by Pyramid Books in May, 1964 (#R1029-50-155pp), and contained a haunting graveyard cover by pulp great Virgil Finlay.

The stories are a fine representation of the magazines great and regular contributors, classic tales by legends of the Fantasy/SF/Horror genres. The contents include Edmond Hamilton's, 'The Man Who Returned', from the



February, 1934 issue, 'Spider Mansion' by Fritz Leiber from the September, 1942 number, 'A Question of Etiquette' by horror master Robert Bloch from September, 1942, the classic 'Sea Witch' by Nictzin Dyalhis from the December, 1937 issue. Other stories are by that master of slithering horror, H.P. Love-

craft, with 'The Strange High House in the Mist' from October, 1931, 'The Drifting Snow' by August Derleth from February, 1939, 'The Body Masters' by Frank Belknap Long from February, 1935, and finally 'Pigeons From Hell' by Robert E. Howard from the May, 1939 issue. Quite an impressive line-up of classic stories and writers--al of which legends have been made of. Only Smith and Quinn are missing, and they are represented in the next volume.

Weird Tales was reprinted by Pyramid Books in April, 1977 (#V4472-\$1.25-155pp) in an almost identical edition to the one before except for higher cover price and different book number.

A short time after this Pyramid Books was taken over by JOVE Books which published their own reprint edition. I believe this one had a change in cover art but was essentially the same inside as the Pyramid editions. I think it came out sometime in 1978 and was priced at \$1.50. Worlds of Weird was the second and last book in this short-lived series. It was also a first edition, paperback original from Pyramid Books in January, 1965 (#R115-50-158pp) with another feast-for-the-eyes cover by Virgil Finlay, as well as some nice interior illos.

This one has a nice five page introduction by Sam Moskowitz as well as a short comments on the author and his work that precede each story. In this one we have the most popular of all WT writers present, Seabury Quinn, with his story, 'Roads' from the January, 1938 issue. Robert E. Howard's 'Valley of the Worm' from February, 1934 is next, followed by another Nictzin Dyalhis classic, 'The Sapphire Goddess' also from February, 1934. That February, 1934 issue must have been a hot one for 3 stories from these two books originally appeared in that issue--Hamilton, Howard and Dyalhis. Next is 'The Thing in the Cellar' by David H. Keller from March, 1932, 'He That Hath Wings' by Edmond Hamilton from July, 1938, the classic, 'Mother of Toads', from July, 1939 by a real master of a writer, Clark Ashton Smith, and finally 'Giants in the Sky' by Frank Belknap Long from the August, 1938 issue. All told, another impressive line-up of excellent material by the legends of the genre.

That brings this series to an abrupt end, but one wonders what it would have been like if the series had continued. Of course

these were all reprint stories, classics, but reprints none-the-less--yet later on in 1980 the magazine was resurrected once more, this time in a paperback book format. The editor was Lin Carter, and in September, 1981, Zebra Books published Weird Tales #1 (#89083-\$2.50-268pp) with a fine cover by Tom Barber. This is a new edition of the magazine with almost totally new material by many of the surviving original Weird Tales authors. This also would be short-lived series, lasting only four books/issues.

The first issue contained 'The Eyrie' and an introduction by Lin Carter as well as letters from Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Theodore Sturgeon, and Sam Moskowitz.

These are new tales by Carl Jacobi, Robert Lowndes, Tanith Lee, Hannes Bok, Lin Carter, Mary Elizabeth Counselman, and David H. Keller--plus reprints of 'Bat's Belfry' by August Derleth (WT 5/26) and 'Some Day I'll Kill You' by Seabury Quinn from Strange Stories February, 1941. There is also the first printing of the newly discovered and complete Robert E. Howard story, 'Scarlet Tears'. A find indeed and what better place for its first appearance.

Weird Tales #2 is a first edition paperback original again from Zebra Books in Spring, 1981-dated as a magazine issue would be (#89083-\$2.50-265pp). This contains 'The Eyrie' and letters from E. Hoffman Price, H. Walter Munn, Frank Belknap Long and new stories by Lovecraft/Barlow, Ten, Brannan, as well as Ray Nelson, Mary Elizabeth Counselman, Ramsey Campbell, Tanith Lee, and reprint material by Robert Bloch and Dyalhis. The cover once again is by Tom Barber.

Weird Tales #3 a first edition from Zebra books came out in fall, 1981 (#89083-\$2.50-318pp) once more with a nice Tom Barber cover.

Inside are fine new stories by Walter, Ten, Jacobi, Lumley, Wellman, Carter and others as well as a reprint of 'The Red Brain' by Donald Wandrei (from WT) and 'The Guardians of the Idol' by Robert E. Howard and finished by Gerald Page.

The fourth and last book in the series is appropriately titled Weird Tales #4. This is a first edition paperback from Zebra published in the summer of 1983 (#8217-\$2.95-288pp) with an excellent Barber cover. Included in this one are stories by Aickman, Sheffield, Long, Brizzolara, Ten and Carter

as well as an original story by Fantasy master and WT regular, Ray Bradbury.

This issue also reprints the classic 'OOZE' by Anthony M. Rud from the very first issue in March, 1923—a story that still holds up very well, and one more reprint by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach entitled, 'The City of Dread.'

Altogether in one form or another Weird Tales made in into 6 different paperbacks—2 anthology collections—and 4 new magazine issues in paperback format. Paperback publi-

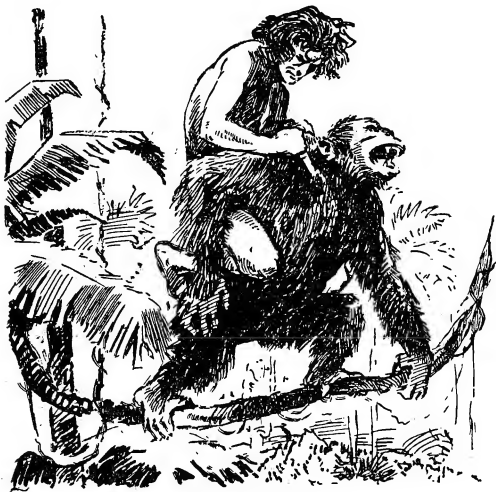
cation for the magazine (ala Ace Book's Destines paperback magazine) seemed like a natural progression and a good idea—perhaps somethings that will be a new direction in the future if it can be perfected by the right editor and publisher. It is certainly a format full of all kinds of possibilities - and as these various editions of Weird Tales show, capture much of the original spirit and mood of that original and unique magazine.

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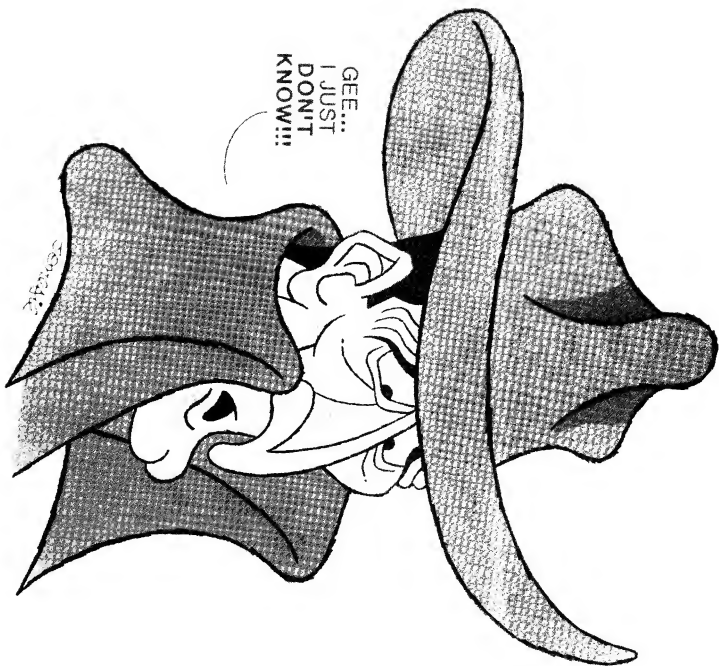
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2 Pages